

GIVEN AND TAKEN.

Something soft and nestling he
Of a maiden faintly died.
That a grave-eyed woman said:
"Richest gifts are those we make,
Dearest than the love we take
That we give for love's own sake."

"Well I know the heart's unrest;
Mine has been the common quest
To be loved and to receive love."
"Favors undeserved were mine;
At my feet as on a shrine
Love has laid his gifts divine."

"Sweet the offerings seemed, and yet
With their sweetness came regret,
And sense of unpaid debt."
"Heart of mine unaltered,
Was a vanity of pride,
That a deeper joy denied."

"Hands that open, but to receive
Empty close, they only give
Richly close, they only give
Richly close, they only give."

"He who, giving, does not crave
Liketh it to him who gave
Life itself the loved to save."

"Love that self-forgetful gives
Sows surplus of ripened sheaves,
Late or soon its own harvest blest."

—John G. Whittier.

A Marriage Ceremony.
The celebrated wit, Dean Swift, after he had gone to bed one night was called up by a rumpus couple, who wished to be married. He told them as he leaned from his upper chamber window that he was undressed, and as they were probably in a hurry on account of a threatening storm, if for no other reason, that he would marry them where they stood. He put the necessary preliminary questions, and then proceeded:

Under the window in stormy weather,
I marry this man and woman together.
Let non but Him who rules the thunder
Put this man and woman asunder.

He Wasn't Quite Dead Yet.
[Exchange.]
A young society lady went back on the young man to whom she was engaged, because he drank. A few days after she had told him she would never speak to him again, a little negro boy brought a note from the wretched young man, which read as follows:

"Faithless, yet still beloved, Fanny:
My sufferings are more than I can bear.
I cannot live without your love. I have
therefore, just taken poison, the effects
of which I am already beginning to
feel. When you read these lines I will
already have joined the great silent
majority. I will be a corpse. See that
I am decently buried, and shed a silent
tear over my tomb in remembrance of
the days gone by. Your dead, George."

When the young lady had finished
reading the note she asked the little
negro boy brought it, what he was waiting
for.

"De gentleman telt me ter wait for an
answer."

LOVE'S INSPIRATION.
How the Dream of a Newborn's Life
Promises to be Realized.

[New York Telegram.]
An illustration of how the course of human events can be changed by a simple action came to notice in a Western city a few days since.

The principal actor in the tale of romance and heroism was a poor newsboy, and the scene was in Denver. The brave lad's name is withheld from the public for various reasons. He has been known heretofore among his companions simply as "Ted."

He went to Denver from a small town in Iowa about a year ago. He had been left an orphan by the death of his parents in the latter place, and with the characteristic American idea of going West he had boarded a freight train, and by the good nature of some of the conductors and brakemen, and by hiding from the argus eyes of others he had at length reached the goal of his ambition, and landed in Denver. Beautiful it seemed to him on his arrival, with its long rows of handsome dwellings and stately stores, whose well-stocked windows filled to the utmost his ideas of the promised land.

Ted was a bright little fellow, who, in spite of the neglect and the bad company into which he had been thrown, preserved a certain measure of self-respect and pride. He was without ambitious, and it was the one dream of his life to make money enough to educate himself and be able to read the papers he sold, and master the mysteries of books, especially those of travel. He was also an admirer of the beautiful and had a vein of sentimentality in his composition which would hardly have been expected.

One of his chief recreations, when all his papers were sold, was to go to a pretty cottage on Champs street, and look sometimes for hours through the pretty grounds surrounding the house, yet it was not wholly the garden and flowers which attracted him, but something far prettier, for which he waited sometimes until dusk had come, this was a little fairy not as old as he, who, with her flaxen curls, rosy face and roguish blue eyes, all unknown to herself, captivated him, and made of herself the shrine at which he daily worshipped.

Sometimes when the weather was too hot for days at a time, he did not get a glimpse of her, and these were dark days indeed for him; and a light seemed to have gone out of his life. She was present with him in his thoughts night and day, and although she did not know and had never even spoken to the ragged little newsboy she yet was his guardian angel and the thoughts of her kept him from doing many things that the other boys did that he conceived she would not approve of if she knew of them. The dream for it was but little more, so far as the reality to him was concerned grew day by day, until it became a part and parcel of his life.

One day Ted, who sometimes did little chores around the office, was sent by the foreman with a package to a house on Broadway. Taking his papers with him thinking he would do a little business on his way back, he ran up the street, and soon performed his errand. As he was coming down the steps he happened to be attracted by a horse attached to a buggy galloping furiously toward him. At a glance he saw it was a runaway. In a moment he saw a sight which nearly froze him with horror. Sitting on the seat with face blanched with terror was a little girl with long curls fluttering in the wind behind her and holding on so

the rail with a death-like clasp. In an instant he recognized the angel of his dreams, the perpetual companion of his thoughts, and without any idea of consequences, he ran into the street, jumping and caught the bridle of the frightened horse, and although dragged for nearly thirty rods through the dust and mire he held on valiantly, checking, materially the horse's speed, until a passerby ran to his assistance and relieved him from his perilous position.

He presented a pitiable appearance, being covered with dust and blood from some serious wounds in the head. He was picked up and carried to the sidewalk where he fainted from loss of blood.

The little lady for whom he risked his life was safe and sound, having sustained no injury other than from fright. It seemed that her father had gotten out of the buggy to fix a buckle in the harness, leaving his daughter on the seat, when the horse took fright at a barking dog and dashed down the street at a terrific rate before he could be secured.

Nearly a moment elapsed after the horse was stopped before the frightened father came running up, expecting that his little daughter had been thrown out and killed. Finding, however, that she had not been harmed, he turned his attention to her preserver, who lay bleeding on the sidewalk, with his poor garments in tatters and a terrible wound in the head caused by striking a stone while being dragged.

Mr. Carleton, the gentleman, summoned a hack passing by, and, sending a boy to call a doctor, lifted the lifeless form of the boy, tenderly placed it on one of the seats of the carriage, and with his daughter took the other. The little maiden, full of pity for him, with tears in her eyes tied her handkerchief, bearing her name, around his poor head to dry and staunch the flow of blood.

The driver was directed to the hospital, where medical attendance was at once obtained and everything done that could be for the wounded boy.

Mr. Carleton called frequently at the hospital to ascertain the condition of the brave lad. The boy lay in a stupor for some time. This was followed by a high fever. Early the next morning he was wide awake and in a flutter of expectation, watching the door every time it opened, with his big, brown eyes, for the visit of his little sweetheart. He had not long to wait, however, for soon the door opened and a fine-looking gentleman, leading by the hand a little girl, entered and advanced to the bedside. Taking his hand he called his daughter, who talked earnestly with the boy who saved her life.

At the end of a week Ted's condition had so much improved that Mr. Carleton thought he could be removed and resolved to take him home.

Mr. Carleton brought and Ted, in a delirium of happiness, soon found himself in the beautiful home of his protector. In the meantime had told his story, and Mr. Carleton had resolved that his ambition for an education should be gratified, and as soon as he had sufficiently recovered he was placed at school where he made rapid progress. He is still living at the happy home on Champs street, and is one of the most promising pupils of the High School, and gives evidence of becoming a useful man.

New Proverbs.
A white lie often told makes a black story.
It's a poor musician who can't blow his own trumpet.

He who would eat the egg must first break the shell.
The man who wishes to continue believing in his friends should never put them to the proof.

Look after your wife; never mind yourself, she'll look after you.
The want of money is the root of much evil.

Egotism is an alphabet with one letter.
If you'd know a man's character, follow him home.
Men love women; women love a man.
The surest road to honor is to deserve it.

Only whisper scandal and its echo is heard by all.
It's not the clock with the loudest tick that goes the best.
Home is the rainbow of life.
Don't complain of the baker until you have tasted his bread.
They who live in a worry invite death to hurry.

Love's Young Dream.
[Philadelphia Call.]
George: "Ah, my dear boy, so glad to see you. You remember the last time we met you were thinking of buying a gilded cage for your pretty bird."
Algermon: "I've not been after any bird cages. You must have got things mixed."

"Oh, no, only speaking in metaphor, my dear boy. I mean that you had your eye on a lovely little house, which you expected to buy for your home after your marriage with that dear girl, Miss De Rich. What a charming wife you will have!"

"Oh! all yes, yes, I understand now. You secured the house, I suppose?"
"I got the refusal of it."
"And Miss De Rich; she accepted you, of course?"
"Well, I got the refusal of her, too—flat refusal, before."

An Experiment With Army Food.
A new experiment is being tried at Muenster, Westphalia, by the German War Department.

A special company, under a separate command, has been selected from the regiment of old soldiers stationed there, for the purpose of testing the new diet to be given the men during a fortnight, within which time they are to go fully equipped for six hours daily through a regular field service, exercise. The food consists chiefly of preserves and material such as is least exposed to deterioration in a campaign, and may in case of need be carried by the men in their haversacks.

Strict watch is kept that none of the men procure other food outside. In order to test both their own endurance and physical condition, and at the same time the nutritious qualities of the provisions.

Emerson's Mysticism.
[Overland Herald.]
Too much has been made of Emerson's mysticism. He was an intellectual, rather than an emotional mystic, and with a cautious eye. He never let go the string of his balloon. He never threw over all his ballast of common sense, so as to rise above an atmosphere as which a rational being could breathe.

Coming Together.

The cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis expended over \$7,000,000 each in new buildings last year.

Minneapolis, according to its claims, has in four years jumped from a population of 47,867 to one of 110,000 or 120,000 inhabitants.

At this rate the two cities will soon touch one another and be united under one municipality. When that occurs Chicago will cease to be the great distributing point of the northwest.

The territory commanded by St. Paul is quite as large as that which gave Chicago its prodigious growth. Chicago has probably reached its highest annual rate, and henceforward that rate will be less than it has been. The only drawback to the rivalry of St. Paul is the extreme cold of the winter climate in that vast dominion tributary to it. But St. Paulsburg will probably be the St. Petersburg of the northwest.

An Enterprising Gang of Burglars.
[Good Cheer.]
A New Haven family were a great deal annoyed by the frequent robbery of their larder, a small out-house behind their dwelling. Legs of lamb and other articles were devoured or carried off, and no one could tell how.

One of the servants determined to discover the delinquent. She accordingly watched, and one night found that the thieves were a set of cats belonging to the neighborhood.

The larder had a latch which had to be pressed down in opening the door. No cat could properly press it down by springing from the ground.

There was, however, an adjoining wall, from which cats might leap and risk the depression of the latch as they successively passed. This is what they did; they leaped from the wall, one after the other, each trying to depress the latch as it passed, until one cat, more fortunate than the others, made the useful depression with its paws. The door immediately was opened, and a leg of mutton, which had been the object of seizure, was secured.

A Youthful Swindler.
[Brooklyn Eagle.]
A smooth-faced boy, with a spot of ink on his cheek, stood between two detectives and a police captain and confessed that he had attempted to swindle certain credulous persons in a small way, by advertising for young men to go to Montana.

As a preliminary the young men were each to enclose a two-cent stamp for reply. A New York morning paper, which makes a specialty of cheap advertising, was selected as the medium. Three insertions from his plausibly worded scheme were brought and Ted, in a delirium of happiness, soon found himself in the beautiful home of his protector.

An office in Fulton street, near the City Hall, was designated as the place where the epistles would be received and answered. Two hundred and fifty letters were received, each enclosing a two-cent stamp. The advertisements cost ten cents each and young Kelly cleared \$4.70 by the transaction. A hundred more letters await his call, at the post-office, but the probabilities are that he will not further bother himself about them. The justice sent the boy home with a severe reprimand.

Fighting a Coyote.
[Elko Free Press.]
Traver, who drives the Bullion stage, had quite an adventure with a wounded coyote on his trip out there. Just on the other side of the Hot Springs he saw a coyote standing in the road some distance ahead of him. Having his rifle with him Traver fired at the beast and wounded it in the breast, also breaking one of its fore legs.

He then drove up to where the coyote was kicking around in the dust of the road, and got down from his wagon to finish the job by knocking him. Coyote in the head, and the beast was the head of his team the coyote made a dash at the nearest horse's leg, which it was about to seize, when met by the heavy boot on Traver's right foot. This seemed only to increase the savageness of the beast, which now turned upon the driver, attempting to get at his throat. Traver succeeded in keeping it at bay until he got back into the wagon. He then commenced to put a cartridge in his rifle, but had hardly got started when, happening to look around, he saw the coyote upon the wagon, and not two feet from where he stood, making toward him with snapping jaws and blood-shot eyes.

Not having time to finish loading, Traver climbed his rifle, and by a lucky blow, knocked the beast off the wagon. The coyote again made the attempt to reach him, but the gun was soon loaded and its contents sent into the body of the maddened beast.

WHAT A CENT WILL BUY.
The Meagre Expenditure Possible With a Solitary Copper.
[Philadelphia Press.]
The man who has only a cent is very little better off than the man who is without a cent. Hardly anything of value to life can be purchased for a cent and indeed the familiar copper coin was not properly described by a Washington avenue tramp as "a coin of exceptional aggravatingness." The wandering gentleman had seen better days, and although there are doubtless times when his stomach can equal his nose in disreputable demeanor, the polite overtures and cigar of the newspaper man were received with sentences of appreciation betraying a past which included education.

"As I take it," said he, "a cent is just the amount of money the street car people swindle out of every passenger—and cents in pies are not to be despised—or else you can buy an evening paper and a murder in it, that's about all. Now, as I don't ride in cars, and I don't care much about the new police regulations which I read in the paper, I always wait until I get another cent, because with two cents I can get a dip of rum. Its bad liquor, but don't it tickle your throat?" and the wandering gentleman chewed for a while on his tongue.

A cent is the nearest coin on earth," he continued, with reluctance. "Old ladies would always give you a nickel, and so would benevolent old gentlemen, only the cents come handiest—of course you say 'thank you,' and 'Good-bye, bless you, man,' but you feel inclined to chuck it back anyhow. What can you get for it? Nothing, not even enough bread to kill hunger for a while—thank you, sir," and the tramp slouched away with an eleemosynary dime, down Seventh street, slumward, and disappeared through the portals of the "Blazing Bag."

Close to that unsavory hostelry there are several little stores called "general shops," where the very poor buy nearly all their necessities. The newspaper man entered one of the two and, finding an old acquaintance of former stores behind the counter, was soon in discussion on the cent and what can be obtained for that coin.

"I guess a good many of my customers are cent ones," said the storekeeper, a brawny Irishman, "but its precious little that they get. You can buy this roll," showing a very diminutive loaf, "but there ain't more than four bites in it, or the worse choice of crackers, two of them, or four of these, or one of them, but they would be no use to a hungry man. You can buy a half of cabbage for a cent, but the cabbage ain't no use without a fire to cook it, unless you've a goat or a rabbit. Then you can get a bit of soap, brown, coarse stuff, which makes everything smell what it washes, or a cent's worth of snuff, or tobacco, or a cent's worth of the two and, finding an old acquaintance of former stores behind the counter, was soon in discussion on the cent and what can be obtained for that coin.

"De Prezident he say he very glad I so well, but I know he lie all de time. He no know how much macaroni, how much oil, how much tomato I eat. My grandfader he die when he one hundred, my fader when he one hundred and two, and I—I live forevee."

"She Trusts."
[Detroit Free Press.]
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"Pow-powerful times, boss," he gasped out.

"Aren't you one of the men who went after the shell?"

"Deed I is, an' I ze one of de men who found it too."

What happened?
"We dum out to broke him up wid de ax. De newl has gone by, Julius Henry has gone by, an' heah I is, while de rest of de crowd am makin' fur de Jeems Ribber and pickin' out pieces of iron as dey fly. Dat shell up an' went an' 'sploded onto us. She busted!"

AN EFFECTUAL PRAYER.
[Mrs. H. A. Cheever, in Christian Union.]
"No," said the lawyer, "I shan't press your claim against that man; you can get some one else to take the case, or you can withdraw it, just as you please."

"Think there isn't any money in it?"
"There would probably be some money in it, but it would, as you know, come from the sale of the little house the man occupies and calls 'home,' but I don't want to meddle with the matter, anyhow."

"Got frightened out of it?"
"No, I wasn't frightened out of it."
"I suppose likely the old fellow begged hard to be let off?"

"Well—yes he did."
"And you caved, likely?"
"No, I didn't speak a word to him."
"Oh, he did all the talking, did he?"

"Yes."
"And you never said a word?"
"Not a word."
"And the old fellow begged you hard, 'What in creation did you do?'"

"I believe I said a few years."
"And the old fellow begged you hard, you say?"
"No I didn't say so; he didn't speak a word to me."

"Well, may I respectfully inquire whom he addressed in your hearing?"
"God Almighty."
"Ah! he took to praying, did he?"

"Not for my benefit, in the least. You see"—the lawyer crossed his right foot over his left knee and began stroking his lower leg up and down, as if to help pain on her on earth. Well I was right on the point of knocking, when she said as clearly as could be, "Ome, father, now begin I'm all ready," and down on his knees by her side went an old white-haired man, still older than his wife, I should judge; and I couldn't have knocked then for the life of me. Well, he began first he reminded God they were still his submissive children, mother and wife, no matter what he said to bring upon them, shouldn't rebel at his will. Of course 'twas going to be terrible hard for them to go out homeless in their old age, especially with poor mother so sick and helpless, but still they'd seen sadder things than ever that would be. He reminded God in the next place how different all might have been if only one of their boys had been spared; then he told his wife kind of broke, and a thin white hand slid from under the coverlet and moved softly over his snowy hair; then he went on to repeat that nothing could be so sharp agony as the parting with those three sons—unless mother and he should be separated. But at last he felt to comforting himself with the fact that the dear Lord knew it was through no fault of his own that the mother and he were threatened with the loss of their dear little home, which meant beggary and the same-house a place they prayed to be delivered from entering, if it could be consistent with God's will; and then he fell to quoting a multitude of promises concerning the safety of those who put their trust in the Lord; yes, I should say he begged hard; in fact it was the most thrilling plea to which I ever listened; and at last he prayed for God's blessing on those who were about to demand justice—the lawyer stroked his lower

Faults of Our School System.
[B. F. Butler.]
We school the children too much. That is to say, we keep them at school all the year round; we continually force their perceptive and memorizing faculties, and give no time for the play of their reflective faculties. In other words they don't reflect upon what they have learned or attempt to apply it in their own minds. We cram them with too many studies.

How else is the fact to be accounted for that a child in the country, having but four months schooling in the year, will come to Boston more matured in his education than one who has had nine months schooling in the year?

In our city schools there is too much teaching and too little learning. By that I mean to say that the great press of studies placed upon the young mind by oral teaching for a few minutes at a time, and a different study must every hour in the day, tend to break up the continuity of the pupil's thought, and the oral addresses and lectures receive but little attention from the tired fluids of the pupils.

Acknowledged Her Worth.
Frederick Morel, the great scholar and eminent printer, well employed on his edition of "Libanus," one day was told that his wife was suddenly taken ill.

"I have only two or three sentences to translate and then I will come and take a look at her."

A second message informed him that she was dying. "I have only two words to write, and I'll be there as fast as you," replied the philosopher. At length he was told that his wife was dead. "I am very sorry for it, indeed," said he, going on with his work; "she was a very honest woman."

Corne, the Italian.
[Youth's Companion.]
The author of "Reminiscences of Newport" has preserved several anecdotes of this Italian, who introduced the tomato to Newport tables. One of them illustrates the fact that "life tables" are based on the average duration of life, and that some persons, like Sir Moses Montefiore, apparently set the ordinary laws of longevity at defiance.

In his seventy-third year Corne was persuaded to buy an annuity. The Massachusetts Hospital Life Insurance Company, on his payment of one thousand five hundred and seventy dollars, agreed to pay him one hundred dollars every six months during his life. The old man lived fifteen years to enjoy his annuity. He received in all \$8,000, much to the surprise and loss of the company. As the annuity was called upon year after year, to make payments to this persistent annuitant, it seemed as if the company had caught a Methusalem.

With a laugh that almost choked him, the old Italian used to say, as he received his semi-annual check—
"De Prezident he say he very glad I so well, but I know he lie all de time. He no know how much macaroni, how much oil, how much tomato I eat. My grandfader he die when he one hundred, my fader when he one hundred and two, and I—I live forevee."

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In his seventy-third year Corne was persuaded to buy an annuity. The Massachusetts Hospital Life Insurance Company, on his payment of one thousand five hundred and seventy dollars, agreed to pay him one hundred dollars every six months during his life. The old man lived fifteen years to enjoy his annuity. He received in all \$8,000, much to the surprise and loss of the company. As the annuity was called upon year after year, to make payments to this persistent annuitant, it seemed as if the company had caught a Methusalem.

With a laugh that almost choked him, the old Italian used to say, as he received his semi-annual check—
"De Prezident he say he very glad I so well, but I know he lie all de time. He no know how much macaroni, how much oil, how much tomato I eat. My grandfader he die when he one hundred, my fader when he one hundred and two, and I—I live forevee."

"She Trusts."
[Detroit Free Press.]
In going over the battle-field at Malvern Hill we came across one of the monster shells thrown from the gunboats in Turkey Bend. An hour later in going up the Varuna road we met four colored men driving a mule and cart and told them of the location of the relic. They hurried off to get it and went into the National Cemetery. Just as the party were ready to return to Richmond the mule belonging to the colored gang came clattering past, having the shells dragging behind him. He was pretty closely followed by one of the negroes, who went by as at a 240 gait and would not stop to answer questions. In about five minutes a second one came up, but off and face covered with blood. As he stopped to pant he was asked what had happened.

"Pow-powerful times, boss," he gasped out.

Corne, the Italian.
[Youth's Companion.]
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